

511

TREASON AND LAW.

A DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED AT

426
946
Clearspring, Maryland, June 1, 1865,

THE

DAY OF NATIONAL MOURNING.

BY

H. HARBAUGH, .D. D.,

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AT MERCERSBURG, PA.

Published by request of the Audience.

PHILADELPHIA:

JAS. B. RODGERS, PR., 52 & 54 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

1865.



TREASON AND LAW.

A D I S C O U R S E ,

DELIVERED AT

Clearspring, Maryland, June 1, 1865,

THE

DAY OF NATIONAL MOURNING.

BY

H. HARBAUGH, D.D.,

"

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AT MERCERSBURG, PA.

Published by request of the Audience.

PHILADELPHIA:

JAS. B. RODGERS, PR., 52 & 54 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

1865.



E457

.8

.H25

TREASON AND LAW.

"Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work."—TITUS iii. 1.

THE President, in his Proclamation appointing this day, has beautifully and touchingly said, "Our Country has become one great house of mourning, where the head of the family has been taken away," adding that he believes "a special period should be assigned for again humbling ourselves before Almighty God, in order that the bereavement may be sanctified to the nation," that so "the grief on earth which can only be assuaged by communion with the Father in Heaven," may "be mitigated." To this end he appoints this day "as a day of humiliation and mourning," and "recommends to his fellow citizens to assemble in their respective places of worship, there to unite in solemn service to the Almighty God in memory of the good man, who has been removed, so that all shall be occupied, at the same time, in contemplation of his virtues, and sorrow for his sudden and violent end."

It is highly appropriate that the head of our nation should thus, in our name, confess and acknowledge our dependence on our heavenly Father; and in conforming to this call, as we do this day, we conform at the same time to the spirit of the apostle's words before us, wherein he puts us in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, and to be ready to every good work.

An awful thing has been done in the land! Our President has fallen at the hands of an assassin, who was himself the organ and instrument of a dark and terrible conspiracy—a conspiracy which, while it struck at the chiefs of the nation, was at the same time aiming at the very heart and life of the nation itself. Never, since the first days of the existence of the Republic, has such a shudder of horror been felt throughout the land, and never before has the nation so widely and so deeply mourned.

It is most difficult, on this solemn occasion, for one to speak for another, in the way of leading or interpreting his thoughts for him. This is one of those overwhelming events which make one's thoughts stand still; and when we feel the truth of the sacred declaration, that the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with it. For weeks past, throughout the land, friend has met friend with the feeling that, in

the presence of so great a sorrow, silence is the most eloquent word. Even when one ventured a word of remark or inquiry, it was with the vain hope, that the one addressed might be able to express and interpret for him his own deep feeling.

When the telegraph first dropped this fearful news into the thousand cities, towns and villages all over the land, men were stunned and paralyzed with amazement. His implements dropped from the hands of the laborer; the student cast away his pen and books; the merchant closed his store; the buzzing of factories ceased; busy streets were changed into scenes of Sabbatic quiet, and over all this expressive silence rolled the solemn sound of tolling bells. The land mourned its fallen chief, as it had not mourned from the first hour of the Republic till now.

We have sometimes heard of the coming together of a marriage and a burial—where sorrow tread so closely on the heel of joy that the joyful bride, on the very day of her happy marriage, was laid out as a corpse in her wedding robes! In like manner has, during these last few weeks, the nation's joy been suddenly changed into mourning. Scarcely had the bells ceased ringing out their jubilations in honor of victory, and the prospect of speedy peace, with the restoration of the supremacy of law and order throughout the land, when they began to toll in sad harmony with a nation's sor-

row. And though weeks have passed since this fearful tragedy was enacted, the national mind still labors under the subduing burden of its momentous grief—still stunned and silent!

What is this all-pervading and steadily continued feeling, but the mute utterance of the people's sense of the awfulness of the crime which has been committed. The mind cannot fathom the turpitude of this crime of *regicide*, or the killing of the ruler of the land. But the existing unutterable feeling furnishes proof that God, by the very constitution of our being, has underlaid our deepest life with a sense of its enormity; our nature thus spontaneously bearing witness to what has been the sense of all civilized—yea, even barbarian and semi-barbarian—as well as Christian ages and nations, that the highest possible crime is regicide.

This crime is not mere murder. We need only grade the higher crimes to enable us to see where this enormity stands on the scale of criminal depravity. The first and lowest grade is common murder or homicide, as when one man kills another. Next above this we may place suicide, wherein man presumptuously assumes the disposal of his own life. Then fratricide, wherein man destroys the life of his own brother or sister, and thus, in a sense, becomes the murderer of his own flesh and blood. Then infanticide, where the helplessness of infancy augments the crime. Then

patricide, wherein man takes the life of the father that begat him, the earthly source of his own life. Because the mother bears that "softer and tenderer name," and her life belongs to the inner circle of consecrated love, we would place next in the dreadful scale the crime of matricide. After this only do we reach that fearful apex of crime—regicide! So much as the State is above the family, so high above the murder of father and mother is the murder of the ruler of the land—the head of the nation—the father, for the time being, of the national family. This is the dreadful crime which has startled and stunned the nation, and caused the bells throughout the land to dole out to responsive hearts their muffled tones of sorrow.

To understand fully this crime of regicide, we must remember, that it was not merely the *man*, Abraham Lincoln, whose life the assassin has taken away. It was the life of the President of this Republic which he destroyed. As a man, he was only as one of us, but as God's ordained organ for the administration of the government, he was vastly more: He was "the *Minister* of God," (Rom. xiii.)—the organ of "the powers that be which are ordained of God." These powers are "higher powers"—that is, they are powers that come from above, not from men. Even though, as in our own land, the Ruler, as organ of these powers, may be

designated by men, his *investiture* is from God alone. In his office the ruling Head of the nation is God's minister. He places him there, even though it be through the will and vote of the people, to be for the nation His own organ and administration of the higher powers. When the assassin assailed this Head of the nation, and this right hand of God's rule on the earth, he was making direct assault upon God's own authority in the high place of His power! On this throne of earthly power he struck down whom God had set up. He feared not the attempt, thus to wrest the government of a nation from the divine hand itself, and by his own daring act first to arrest, then annul, and finally to change the ruling Head of the nation in the face of God's investiture, and the will of millions of men!

Moreover the act of the regicide is, as far as it goes, a stroke for anarchy. A deadly thrust at the head paralyzes for the time the whole body of the nation, and abrogates government, so that if the whole nation were in a state adapted for the result, universal anarchy would ensue. It is only the virtue and loyalty of the nation that prevents the legitimate effects of the assassin's will and intention. Thanks to God for that true, vigorous, adjusting virtue of the nation, which enables it to rise from so fearful a shock, and to move with such prompt firmness, harmony and power in the path

of its great and solemn mission ! But this does not abate the turpitude of the awful crime ; on the other hand, it sets its enormity only into stronger relief, as showing the high character of the government he sought to annul, and the generous loyalty of the millions, against whose vigorous patriotism the crime has been perpetrated.

Such being the character of the crime which has caused our present grief, and such the horror with which this crime of regicide shows itself to be regarded by the whole nation, in harmony with the deepest sense of all civilized, and especially Christianized nations and ages, the sorrowing millions may well this day lift their hands to heaven, and ask, How is such an awful crime possible ? Where is an adequate begetting and sustaining element and basis for such a crime to be found ? Certainly it has been in no other way possible for it to appear, except as the nurseling and legitimate ripe fruit of that spirit of enormous treason which has, during the last four dreadful and bloody years, labored to consummate substantially the same crime, by aiming its deadly dagger at the very heart of the Republic itself. Whether formally, and by organized conspiracy or not, still essentially and really treason and rebellion is the legitimate mother of regicide. The assassin of the President and head of the nation, whether thereunto appointed or not, is the organ of that treason, which has its embodiment in

the great Rebellion. It was the concentrated life of that great treason, which nerved his arm and guided the fearful weapon of death. The truth of this fact beats to-day with powerful, harmonious, self-attesting assurance in the patriotic and loyal instincts of millions of sad and sorrowing hearts.

It is keenly humiliating, that, though this dreadful crime had its life and instigating cause in the self-constituted Confederacy, it was executed by traitors who had lived on the soil of loyal States. How deep-rooted and wide-spread has been this spirit of treason! How like the serpent lurking in Paradise are those, who can walk about on loyal soil, and nurture treason under the very folds of the flag which they are secretly betraying. What perversion and depravity to sympathize with a rebellion, which aims at the destruction of a government having such a glorious history—a rebellion, which has sought the perpetuation of human bondage, as one of its chief ends, and which aimed to secure its success by the starvation of prisoners, and the assassination of Rulers! Could it be otherwise than that God should show Himself against it? How else could it end than just as it has ended?—its armed leaders winning for themselves the dungeon and the gallows, and all who have in any way identified themselves with it, tainting their own

blood with the foul virus, and the hereditary shame of treason for generations to come.

It is said, that when Jackson was on his death-bed, he was asked by his pastor whether there was any act of his life, which he specially condemned, and which he regarded as furnishing special ground for regret and penitence. Jackson, though weakened by disease, raising himself up in his bed, and extending his long bony finger, as was his wont, when emphatically in earnest, promptly, and with decided feeling, answered: "Yes; that I did not hang John C. Calhoun for his treason!"

A superficial judgment would condemn this declaration, as exhibiting a wrong spirit at such a solemn time. But a deeper and truer Christian spirit will not fail to see in it the very strongest evidence of the old hero's true Christian earnestness. As the solemn light of eternity dawned upon his departing spirit, and his own public life and the life of the Republic which he had served, lay behind him, he seems clearly to have seen what his false sympathy with the awful crime of the arch-traitor would one day cost the Republic. He saw how the just punishment of that one man, the father of treason in this country, would have been to shield the Republic from future treasonable attempts, by nipping the beginning of them in the bud.

How truly have the events of the last four years of blood demonstrated, that the light which the

dying hour shed upon the great spirit of the departing hero and statesman, was a true prophecy of those "coming events" which, even at that time, began to

Cast their shadows before;

and that in his case was fulfilled that allied saying of the poet:

'Tis the sunset of life gives us mystical lore.

The solemn lesson contained in this incident is one that the country, at present, needs earnestly to lay to heart. As the power of that fearful treason, which, for more than four long years, has been engaged in pouring out the nation's best blood like water, is about being finally subdued under the majesty of law, an enemy is rising, which, though it essays to speak in pious tone, is no less dangerous to the true and permanent peace of the Republic. It shows itself in the form of *morbid and sickly sympathy toward the crime of treason*.

Our age and our country is not, at present, exposed to a greater danger than just this sickly sympathy with crime. It is a sure evidence, so far as it prevails, of a false and feeble Christianity, of a degenerating civilization, and of an impolitic and imbecile statesmanship. This same miserable sentimentalism has manifested itself, for some years, in various attempts, in part and for a time successful, to abolish the death penalty for capital offences

against society. Though it has been proved by actual experiment, that the effect of such legislation has always been to increase the number of capital offences, yet this pseudo spirit does not cease its presumptuous attempts to be wiser than God and the well-tried wisdom of all ages.

These attempts are always associated with some weak and washy phase of religion. They have their source in the minds of those, who seek to dilute, popularize, and humanize the divine principles of Christianity, with a view of making them palatable to those, who would rather reconcile God to corrupt human nature, than human nature to God. It has its origin with that class, who find the God of revelation less tender and merciful than themselves; who regard the tried wisdom of all past ages as behind the age, and who look upon the Scriptures as needing, for their proper illumination and correction, the socialism, universalism, and individualism of the nineteenth century!

If ever there was a time in the history of the Republic, when public speakers and the Christian reviews, magazines and papers of the land have been called upon to bring to light the proper principles of divine and human government, and, with calm and anointed wisdom, to stem the tide of sickly and morbid sentimentalism, that time is now. So far as the influence of our voice goes, we wish here to discharge ourselves of a high and solemn

duty. In the name of God, in the name of the holiness and dignity of Christianity, in the name of all the well-tried wisdom of the past, in the name of the Constitution and laws of the Republic, and in the name of our posterity, whose peace, safety and lives, at some future hour of the nation, hang upon the decision, we plead that the majesty of the law may be honored in the condign punishment of the leaders of this dark and terrible treason.

What is the fashion of the times? Let us take an illustration from an analagous case. In some rural district, some idle and worthless vagrants enter the home of a quiet and worthy family, and, for the purpose of robbery, murder the family! For a short time the neighborhood is horrified; the papers make an item of the awful news, and express the hope that the murderers may be brought to justice. High rewards are offered for their arrest. Finally they are apprehended and lodged in prison. After some weeks they are tried and condemned to be hung. What now? That moment public sympathy is all with the murderers; the dark and terrible scene of murder and blood in the lonely house, the shrieks of the innocent just roused from sleep to feel the murderous ball or knife in their hearts, these are all forgotten. But plenty of morbid sighs and tears are offered for the poor, "unfortunate" criminals. "What an awful thing it is to hang a man! How barbarous is the death

penalty! The Governor ought to pardon the poor man! It is awful to send him so suddenly into eternity!" This is the language of the "merciful and tender-hearted" sentimentalists, who have no tears for the innocent, murdered family, but plenty of tears for the guilty murderers themselves. The "barbarity" of the crime, and the fact that the unprotected family was sent with equal suddenness into eternity, this is all forgotten by the demoralized abettors of this new, sickly, morbid and devilish gospel of criminal mercy.

Is not this the same gospel of mercy, which Beecher, Greeley, *id genus omne*, are now, or have lately been preaching in favor of the awful crime of treason? The blood of three or four hundred thousand men, for which the instigators of treason are responsible before God and man, crieth from the ground. But, by this morbid sentimentalism, the grave-yards of a hundred battle-fields are all forgotten; the thousands of brave men who are mangled and maimed for life, count nothing; the hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans, made such by treason, are to have no consideration, in their silent and life-long sorrow. The acres of graves where lie thousands of heroes at Andersonville, who were starved to death—the sallow, tottering, ghost-like frames of thousands more who were set free only in time to find friendly graves at home—the dreary walls of Libby, and other

places of horror, which for years have echoed in vain the cries for bread,—these are all to be witnesses unheard by Him, who hears “even the young ravens which cry for food.” And this sickly spirit is baptized with the sacred name of “charity” and “magnanimity!” The brave soldier, who tore himself away from a young family, that he might sustain the laws of his country, but who, in an hour of tenderness and home-sickness for his family, is tempted to desert, is returned and tried, condemned and shot! But the arch-traitors, whose rebellion against the nation made it necessary for him to go into the service, are to be regarded as guilty of no crime!—these have not merely deserted the flag, but have turned their swords against the life of the nation. “Shall not such,” it is properly asked by one of our wisest statesmen—“shall not such suffer the same penalty, which the Government and the laws have enforced upon so many of our soldiers for the same crime?”

It has been frequently remarked, that had Jackson hung Calhoun, this rebellion would hardly have occurred. When the law limps lamely, transgression has an open field. Should the counsels of these morbid reformers prevail, and the penalty of high treason, which hangs over the leaders of this rebellion, be averted, why may not a few decades witness the inauguration of similar plots against the life of the Republic? It will be then seen from

precedent, that all treason deserves is "magnanimous" and "charitable" treatment. We tremble for the future of our country, if it shall appear in this case that "the minister of God beareth the sword in vain."

Such sentiments never come from earnest Christian scholars or statesmen; they are born in the hot-bed of socialism, naturalism and humanism. They are not deep convictions, but merely shallow, irresponsible sensation utterances. They are founded on no venerable wisdom; they rest in no true Christian principles—they are underlaid by no correct sense of the nature and necessary force and majesty of law. Men, who utter them, may be able effectually to harangue an unreflecting crowd, but when they attempt to lay experimental hands to the guidance of the high and solemn interests of States, every earnest and thinking man will exclaim: *Procul, O! procul, este profani!*—hence, far hence, ye profane.

This miserable spirit, against which our remarks are directed, knows well how to touch the prejudices of unthinking men. They call the advocacy of the majesty of law a call for vengeance and revenge! This is a shallow pretence; nothing more. There is neither vengeance nor revenge in it. The law knows nothing of either vengeance or revenge. It knows only the will of God which underlies it, its

own dignity which is insulted, and the safety of society for which it is executed.

To ask that the majesty of law be allowed to have its free course against crime, is no spirit of revenge, is no want of magnanimity—betrays no absence of mercy and charity. If so, God himself would fall under blame! Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne. Human governments are a parable and reflection of His own. Human law is a reflection of His will. Human justice is after the pattern of His justice. To abrogate the sanctions and penalties of His law, is to annul one of His own attributes. In the suffering of the penalty of human guilt in the person of His own Son, He has demonstrated to the world, that His mercy does not abrogate His justice. Vain is the attempt of man to propose a sickly sentimentalism as a substitute that shall outdo and set aside God's immutable law against crime. Man may be tender, but law and justice are inflexible. We have heard of judges who pronounced the sentence of death on murderers *with tears*—but pronounced it in firm faithfulness nevertheless. The judge who thus discharges his solemn duty to the law and society, is twice great in the act: great because he shows that he has all the feelings of the man, and great again because he has all the firmness of the judge. Above all his merely humane feelings rises the solemn conviction, that the execution of the law

is absolutely necessary for the safety of society. He feels for the criminal, but he does not suffer his feelings to carry him into a current of washy sentimentalism. He pities the criminal, but he pities society more. It is said that Washington signed the death-warrant of Andre, the spy, with tears! This is proof that he would have spared even him, had not a higher obligation to honor the law rested on him. Let our rulers study this example, that the majesty of law be not changed into a mere mawkish feeling. Our present President has well said, that mercy to traitors may be great cruelty to society. This is a truth heavier and more valuable than gold.

Who has revenge to seek? The best sense of the nation will hurl back the charge with indignation. But all earnest men, who fear God and love the Republic, will ask that the majesty of the law be left to its own free course. They will protest against this premature attempt to convert the mind of the nation to this new gospel of washy sentimentalism, which is an insult to God's revealed will, and which the nations have never known.

We are glad to find many of our wiser statesmen and most respectable public journals awake to this threatening danger. In answer to this attempt to create a false public opinion, and a plea for "charity" towards even the arch-traitor and head of the dark plot of treason, the judicious New York *Times*

forcibly and truly says: "To endeavor to save him from retributive justice, is to outrage every enlightened sentiment, every unpervverted instinct. It is to undermine every sanctity of human law, to sap every conservative principle of human government. *There is not one thing which threatens such evils to our liberties, as this substitution of mawkish sympathy for the virtuous indignation which foul guilt ought to excite.* A shallow philanthropy has been growing rife, which has already cankered the moral sense of the nation not a little. The old Achillean wrath against untrue men, the grim old Puritanic intolerance of the workers of iniquity, has been giving place to a sentimentality as impotent as it is passionless. It was this laxity that did more than all things else to encourage the Southern plotters of the rebellion. There has been, year after year, such a deal of sickly stuff vented against the wickedness of shedding human blood, and such a letting down of the old reverence for law and justice, that it was easily inferred that the very life of the nation might be taken with impunity."

The Constitution of the United States, Art. iii., Sect. 3, says: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." In addition to this, it was enacted in the Congress of the United States in 1790, "that if

any person or persons owing allegiance to the United States of America shall levy war against them, or shall adhere to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort within the United States, or elsewhere, and shall be thereof convicted, on confession in open court, or on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act of treason whereof he or they shall stand indicted, such person or persons shall stand adjudged guilty of treason against the United States, and shall suffer death."

This is the supreme law of the land. It rests on divine authority (Rom. xiii. 1-4). This is an infinitely better law, than that mawkish, frothing and vamping of washy and watery sentimentalism, which has its fountain in the shallow pools of Gotham. It is by honoring, not amending or annulling the divine law, that a nation may hope to prosper. If our nation will show respect to the law of God, preserve the dignity which belongs to a nation, and show itself as faithful and just in punishing crime as it is ever ready to reward with its honors those who do well, we may confidently expect that the blessing of God will rest upon its future, as it has upon its past, and that the peace which He is now so speedily bringing us will be as lasting as the memory of His gracious dealings with us in the past are pleasant and glorious.

How better can we improve this sad occasion than to possess our souls more fully with a deeper sense

of the enormous crime of treason; a crime which, according to the wisdom of all Christian nations, can only be adequately atoned for by the penalty of death. Let the lesson which the success of our arms, blessed by the God of nations and of justice, has taught rebellious treason, be inculcated as the chief lesson of this day. Let the Pulpit and the Press put all the people in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, and teach them that "Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft!" We speak our own deep convictions, and we hope the convictions of all present, when we say, that no sign of the times portends greater danger to the nation at present, than that morbid and unchristian spirit, which is in some quarters beginning its endeavors to avert the penalty due to treason. We dread this spirit more than all else that is before us as a nation. Such men as Beecher and Greeley, who are endeavoring to lead off in this miserable effort to degrade and ignore the eternal sanctions of divine and human law, and to convert honest but unreflecting people to their crusade against the true idea and end of law and justice, are now emphatically *the* enemies of the Republic. This mawkish sentimentality is called "magnanimity." What a misnomer! Its true name is infidelity to the majesty of law. It offers a premium for treason; and, if successful, will be the greatest unfaithfulness and cruelty to posterity, of which the

rulers of our eventful age can be guilty. It will be in truth the laying up of wrath, anarchy and rebellion for our children. It will be a comforting precedent for treason in all coming ages of the Republic. It will show that treason and rebellion deserve and shall receive nothing but magnanimity, in a degraded sense of that word. It will ever show that treason, so enormous in its sweep as to people a hundred battle-field grave-yards with the bodies of brave and loyal men, has earned for itself only the right of what is falsely called magnanimous treatment. In pestiferous sentiments like these, be assured, lies deadly poison, which, if allowed to work its way into the heart of our rulers and our people, will sooner or later take the nation's life as effectually as the Rebellion itself, had it succeeded, would have done, and as it has actually intended to do by bayonets, cannon, and starvation of thousands of loyal and brave men, and which it has now again attempted to do, as by desperation, in the person of the assassin of the President.

May not, in this view, this sad calamity be overruled in mercy, by an all-wise though mysterious Providence, for the future health and safety of the Republic? While we hope that all manifestations of revenge may be checked, we hope, at the same time, that the minds of our people and rulers may be more deeply awakened to a sense of the absolute necessity of vindicating the law against treason.

Vain is that policy which seeks to be wiser than God, and more humane than He! Should it appear, that "the minister of God" *does* "bear the sword in vain," we tremble for the future of the nation. All the moral effect of all the sacrifices of the war will in that case be virtually lost. Was this dreadful tragedy—well may we ask—this sacrifice of the nation's beloved Chief and Head yet necessary to counteract this vain and sickly sentimentality? Should it serve to effect this high and solemn end, the sacrifice, dreadful as it is, will not have been in vain.

May God, in His infinite mercy, preserve in the heart of the nation a proper sense of the majesty of law, awaken among us right views of the awful crime of treason—which is the cause and essence of regicide—and deliver us from morbid sympathy for that crime, which strikes at the root of all divine and human government, and which the solemn sanctions of God, and the ripest wisdom of all the past, have adjudged to be worthy of death.

I attempt no eulogy of our departed President. His earnestness, moderation, kind-heartedness, proverbial honesty and unswerving loyalty and patriotism are all well known. Only when generations shall have passed away, and all the seeds of the mighty present of the nation shall come to their full fruits in the future, will his name and his fame stand out in full relief on the historic page. What

if it should appear, to those who shall study the events of his administration in the light of the future, that he was the leader of a high and holy patriotic purpose, which has delivered the Republic from a bondage as heavy and galling as that from which we were delivered by Washington at the first? What if our children should experience the fact, that the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln may be sounded together with perfect accord? Having been the Father of the loyal national family, he now sleeps well in the great communion of the brave and loyal dead. As in his life, so now in death his grave is still chief among the thousands of graves, which cover the honored remains of those, who counted it sweeter to die for their country, than to live only to witness its overthrow.

Amid their mourning for him to-day, the loyal millions do not forget the brave thousands, who, though peace has come, return to their homes no more! As though they would still guard those sacred spots, where, by their strong arms and unswerving hearts, the hosts of treason were hurled back, they remain encamped in their mound-like, tent-like graves on a hundred glorious battle-fields.

The battles are o'er, and the soldiers rest
On the fields which their valor has won;
Their sleep in those tent-like mounds is blest,
For their work has been bravely done.

The sentinel stars, with a proud delight,
Stand guard o'er each honored grave;
And their soft, weird light, through the holy night,
Smiles down on the sleep of the brave.

A tear for the noble, the brave, and the true,
Best tribute the millions can give
To the memory of those, who in glory repose,
Having died that the Union might live.

A great sacrifice has it cost to save the nation's life. But sacrifices are never made in vain. Sacrifice is the price of blessing. Out of all this bitter will come forth sweet. We are already wiser as a nation for the experiences through which we have passed; and it will be our own fault, if we do not also become better.

1. This war has taught us the value of government, and the dignity of law. So mild and beneficent had our government been, and so pleasantly had we been carried along by it, that we scarcely felt as if any government at all were needed. Though in theory we acknowledged its necessity, yet we did not *feel* that it is indispensable. This war has taught us, that, without government, all else we possess in this world is nothing worth. We have learned that the "powers that be" and which are ordained of God," are most kindly powers—that they are to be loved, revered, and feared. We have been made to see how nearly allied are

patriotism and religion, and how indispensable are true loyalty and true piety. We have become deeply conscious that disloyalty is not a mere political preference, but a most hateful sin against God and the order of human society.

2. This war has developed in us the consciousness of our nationality. Gathered as we had been from all nations, we seemed together, like bees in a clover-field, without a sense of the mystical tie that forms the substructure of one swarm. We were more like a drove than like a flock. The mysterious unity of life, which constitutes the true foundation of a nationality, was in a great measure wanting. There were also state pride and state prejudices, which prevented the "kindred drops" from fully "mingling into one." Besides, there were peculiar phases of civilization and of national type, which characterized different sections of our common country. There were thus at least *four* tolerably distinct elements of nationality developing and maturing in the bosom of our national life. First, New England with its strong individualistic elements. Opposite to this were the Southern States, with their hereditary aristocratic tendencies. Then the great West, with their fast, free, dashing life; and over against this stood the Middle States, with their somewhat slow conservatism. These four sections of the common country were distinctly

marked, and a peculiar life characterized them, almost as different one from the other as that which distinguishes any four nationalities of Europe. A proper mingling of these four elements of our national life was necessary in order to develop one grand whole. This has been substantially done by the war. It has smoothed the current for the general national life across arbitrary State lines. A common cause, common dangers, and common hopes have served to develop in all States the sense of a common nationality. From all States, statesmen, generals, soldiers, treasure and blood have met and mingled under one glorious flag, in one cause, and for one country—each for all, and all for each—and this has fixed deeply, and we hope forever, the feelings in every loyal heart, that we are one nation. It has made us all feel as we never felt before, that to be a Marylander, a Pennsylvanian, is not so high and honorable as to be a citizen of the *United States*; and that the truest, highest, dearest rights that any State can possess, is the state right of being a perpetual member of the one grand Republic.

3. The war has delivered us from a long and ever-increasing social and political trouble—slavery. Its foundations are destroyed; and the work has been done by those who sought to save it. How wonderful are the ways of Providence! For nearly a century stood this dark and growing evil, as an

abiding contradiction of all our national professions in regard to the equal rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The tide of public sentiment was rising against it, as the swollen stream rises against the brush-wood which has gathered and piled itself up in the channel, and it was doomed to pass away. Yet those who got up the Rebellion did not *intend* to destroy it—the government did not at first *intend* to destroy it; but do not events clearly show that God intended it should pass away? It is not correct to attribute the result alone to the President. The war—or rather God through the war—educated the nation for the event. The President was but the organ of the nation. The freeing of the colored people was the result of “the logic of events”—it was “the manifest destiny” of history—it was the will of Him who seeks the elevation and salvation of all whom He has created. God is opening up a new chapter in the history of the world. He will yet make those now set free a blessing to their race in Africa. Our century may see the fulfilment of that ancient prophecy: “Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.”

4. Though the immediate effects of the war may, in individual cases, have proved injurious to morals and religion, yet its results may be overruled and made to conduce to the interests of Christianity.

God has permitted so great an event for no trivial end. He has suffered our national life to be tossed into tempest not merely

“To waft a feather, or to drown a fly,”

but for some end proportionate to the magnitude of the event. He will make this momentous upheaving count for good in the grand scheme of the world's history. The wrath of man shall praise Him; the remainder of wrath will He restrain.

It is said that in Europe Christianity has always flourished after a war. How beautifully comes up the young clover after the stubble has been swept from the field by a devouring fire, and the blackened ground watered by a refreshing shower! In like manner will a deeper and truer statesmanship, a higher civilization, a sounder material prosperity, and a better Christian life spring up, when, after the dark storm of war, the favor of our Heavenly Father, like a genial and friendly heaven, shall again greet our wide land with smiles of peace. We needed the remedial discipline of tribulation; and it came more in mercy than in wrath. Some things had to be shaken and removed, that those things which cannot be shaken might remain and be more firmly established.

When, at the close of the last century, rationalism in Europe had reached its height of boldness and blasphemy, there was no peaceful power found

adequate to break the fearful spell of its cold tyranny over the hearts and lives of men. The Universities seemed powerless—learning could not make its weapons felt—the pulpit's earnest testimony was only laughed at as a voice that went abroad haunting in graveyards of dead and dying souls. Christian statesmen were at their wit's end. When thus all help and hope failed, the desperation of the disease began to work the cure. The very boiling passions of men began to render flexible and flowing the hardened mass of moral petrification, and Europe was awakened, on the very abyss where it had well nigh committed political and moral suicide, from its demoniacal dream by the war thunders of Leipsic and Waterloo. In those events historians see the civil and Christian crisis of Europe; and from that point dates that deep and solid regeneration of theology and Christianity, which has now fairly out-mastered the old reign of fearful unbelief, and is filling the entire Germanic heart's blood with new life and a better hope.

Let us have a cheerful faith in God and history; and as our beloved national life has shown itself too strong to be murdered, too hopeful to commit suicide, and too firmly held in God's merciful hand to fall into confusion and anarchy, let us believe that our Lord Jesus Christ, the King of nations, has in store for us a still better future, both in Church and State.

